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A N

A P P E A L to the P U B L I C,

(By F. and J. NOBLE, Bookfellers)

From the aspersions cast on them by the
anonymous editor of the LONDON
MAGAZINE.

W H E N a man's moral character is unjustly attacked, whether by the tongue of private calumny, or by the pen of a villifying writer in the public prints, it becomes his duty to vindicate himself from the charge, and, by every honest means in his power, to expose the author of such baseness, lest, by a total silence, it may be construed into a tacit confession of guilt, and he thereby may not only suffer in the opinion of others, but furnish his adversary with a plausible pretext for triumphing in the success of his villany.

Upon this ground do we presume to trouble the public with so insignificant a subject as our little disputes with an anonymous and obscure

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writer,

writer, and hope the plea we have mentioned will be our excuse, and that we shall readily find a pardon. Without farther preface or apology, therefore, we proceed to a state of the case:

In the month of November last we published two novels, written by the same author, under the titles of "The Way to Lose Him," and "The Way to Please Him." On the first of the following month there came out, as usual, a London Magazine, including what is *called* an IMPARTIAL REVIEW of new Books, among which the aforesaid two novels were mentioned in terms so false and injurious to the author, and to ourselves, that we judged it absolutely necessary to take some notice of it, and not, by a blameable silence, suffer the slander to pass unregarded. Accordingly, the following advertisement was sent, enclosed in a letter, to Mr. Baldwin, the publisher of the Magazine in which the injury had been done.

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TO THE PUBLIC.

3

ADVERTISEMENT.

Dec. 1, 1772.

THE scandalous falsehoods constantly thrown out by the writer of the IMPARTIAL REVIEW, in the LONDON MAGAZINE, against every new work published under our name, at once betray a malignancy and depravity of heart, that even disgrace the servile profession he follows, that of an hireling scribbler to a monthly magazine. In his remarks this day upon "The Way to Lose Him," (which it is more than probable he never read) he has the folly and assurance to make use of these words: "Written solely for the use of the Circulating Library, and very proper to debauch all young women who are still undebauched."

And of "The Way to Please Him," written by the same author, he says, "See the last article. The same character will do for both."

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By

By such general, by such unjust criticisms as these, are the writings of those who are not in favour with his employers, or such as are published by booksellers who do not contribute to his monthly allowance, thus censured and abused. For the falsity of his strictures on the above-mentioned two novels, we appeal to the candour of every impartial reader of them, (nay, even to his own corrupt heart, if he will do us the justice to read them) and refer all others to the character given of them by a more ingenuous and unbiassed critic, who, in a periodical work of the same date, says of

THE WAY TO LOSE HIM,

“ This novel, whatever faults the critical
 “ reader may find in its composition, seems
 “ calculated to be of service to the unmarried
 “ fair ones of the age, who, when they are
 “ happily addressed by men every way worthy
 “ of their attention, are so little acquainted
 “ with their true interest, as to occasion the
 “ desertion of them from the capriciousness and
 “ in-

“ indiscretion of their behaviour.” He then proceeds to say of

THE WAY TO PLEASE HIM,

“ The subject of the foregoing article is
“ particularly addressed to *unmarried* ladies :
“ that before us seems to be as well executed
“ for the instruction of *married* ones. Those
“ especially who have husbands of a roving
“ turn, and strongly disposed to neglect their
“ wives, in search of temporary intimacies
“ with other women, will be interested in the
“ perusal of these volumes. The hero of the
“ piece behaves in a manner sufficient to pro-
“ voke the heroine’s resentment ; while she,
“ by her uncommon discretion and address,
“ appears in a most amiable light. To speak
“ in less elevated terms, lady Sedley is, indeed,
“ an exemplary wife, and may serve as a pat-
“ tern to married ladies in similar circumstan-
“ ces. Those circumstances are far from be-
“ ing extraordinary ; and if married women
“ would take the pains to please the men with

“ whom they are united for life, there would
 “ be fewer matrimonial complaints, fewer se-
 “ parations, fewer divorces.”

CRITICAL REVIEW for *Nov.* 1772.

We shall now leave this defamer to his own reflections, and assure the public that as it has been hitherto, so it shall hereafter be our principal care, to publish only such Novels as have for their objects, what their writers ought ever to have in view, amusement, instruction, decency, and morality.

F. NOBLE.

J. NOBLE.

The letter to Mr. Baldwin, which accompanied the above advertisement, was in the following words:

SIR,

Dec. 10, 1772,

TO what cause are we to ascribe the abuse that, with so unremitting a malice, is cast upon every publication of ours, by your anonymous writer of the *Impartial Review*?

We

TO THE PUBLIC.

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We are loth to believe that it is done by your express order, though we cannot suppose it to be done without your entire knowledge. Whether we are mistaken or not in this supposition, it is a duty you owe to us in common with other publishers, it is a duty you owe to us as a man, to enquire into the cause of the calumny, and if found to be unjust (as most assuredly it is) not only to put a stop to it in future, but to publish the enclosed vindication in your next Magazine.

The author of the two novels, so grossly misrepresented, is no hired writer (and, indeed, we have no connections with any such) but a gentleman and a scholar, as much above your defamatory critic in point of situation in life, as he is in goodness of heart. He knows nothing of our sending this, neither do we know whether he means to justify himself to the public, or whether he intends to pass over the injury in a silent contempt: but we hope the former.

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Expecting,

Expecting, from a principle of justice and of humanity, that you will comply with our reasonable desire, we remain

Your humble servants,

F. NOBLE.

J. NOBLE.

In answer to this letter, Mr. Baldwin returned a few lines, exculpating himself from having any hand in the cause of our complaint, and informing us that he would send our letter and advertisement to the person immediately concerned (meaning his editor) who was reckoned, he said, an "IMPARTIAL MAN."

Here the affair rested till the first of the next month, January, 1773, when, behold, this IMPARTIAL MAN, instead of apologizing for the abuse he had bestowed, or endeavouring to prove what he had so boldly asserted, evaded every attempt of that kind, flew to his favourite topic, scandal, and availed himself with issuing out the following paragraph, which with pleasure we lay before the public, as it sufficiently

ly points out the spirit of the man, shews how unable he is to make out his accusation, and to what wretched expedients he is capable of flying, rather than subscribe to the convictions of his heart, the having been in the wrong.

“ Who shames a scribbler? break one cobweb thro’,
 “ He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew :
 “ Destroy his fib or sophistry, in vain,
 “ The creature’s at his dirty work again.”

The paragraph we shall give whole and entire in the writer’s own words, subjoining only a few observations, by way of notes, on the most material parts of it.

“ **A** Printed paper has been transmitted to
 “ the Editor of the London Magazine,
 “ zine, (a) subscribed “ F. Noble, J. Noble,”

(a) And why did not the editor transmit it to the public? The reason is obvious: the public would then have been acquainted with the justice of our complaint; a circumstance he chose rather to keep to himself.

“ replete

“ replete with those barbarous expressions (*b*) fa-

(*b*) Barbarous expressions! We marvel he did not, when his hand was in, add cruel, bloody, and inhuman; as, by such an addition, the charge would have been greatly heightened, and a greater horror and detestation excited in the minds of his readers, against the authors of so much barbarity. But, perhaps, he means barbarisms in grammar, false concord: if so, it would have been kind in him to have told us what they were, that we might have benefitted by his reproofs, so as to address him in future in a language grammatically correct, and more to his satisfaction. But, however, he should have considered, that we do not make a *trade* of writing; that we do not write for *bread*. As the advertisement has been given in this appeal, the public will judge whether it is replete with those *barbarous expressions* he says, or not; and to their decision we cheerfully leave it. We are sensible we expressed ourselves with some warmth, but we hope it was a justifiable, an honest warmth, extorted by an accusation as false as it is injurious, and aggravated, for a length of time before, by repeated insults on our persons, books and profession, in almost every IMPARTIAL REVIEW.

“ miliar

“miliar to men, whose business it is to puzzle
 “heads, and to corrupt hearts. (c) The Edi-

(c) We are somewhat puzzled here to ascertain his meaning. Whether he means to say that we make it our business to puzzle heads, and corrupt hearts ; or whether the business we follow as Book-fellers and Publishers ; or that of keeping a Circulating Library ; or whether all together, we cannot possibly determine, and must, therefore, remain a secret till he vouchsafes to inform us. If he means the former, we shall leave it as we find it, comforting ourselves with this reflection, that the public has only *his word* for it. If as Book-fellers and Publishers, he involves in his censure the very man who employs him : if it be that of keeping a Circulating Library, we would have him to know that the greatest care is taken to admit of nothing in it that may have the effect he mentions, and that our Libraries abound with authors of the first character, in almost every useful art and science ; and are, therefore, calculated to diffuse knowledge, and improve the mind, instead of corrupting the heart.

“ for

“tor is certainly a man of honour, (*d*) and
 “he will be ready to give the most convincing
 “proofs of this to the Nobles, when they shall
 “please to enquire for them. (*e*) Guided by
 “this honour, he condemned their books,
 “which also he would vindicate, were not
 “those books now overwhelmed in the obli-

(*d*) Is he? We are glad of it, with all our
 hearts: we shall then have some hopes of him.
 Though we cannot but own, that those hopes would
 have been greatly strengthened, had the assertion
 been better attested than coming from *himself alone*.

(*e*) We take this man of honour at his word,
 and now call upon him for his proofs. Proofs
 founded in truth; proofs drawn from the books
 themselves; proofs that they “*are proper to debauch*
 “*all young women who are still undebauched*,” but
 not such proofs as he hath hitherto dealt in, gene-
 ral invectives and positive assertions, unsupported
 by facts. Till this is done, the world will not
 give him credit for his being the *man of honour* he
 calls himself, though he should assume that title in
 twenty Magazines.

“vion

“ vion to which he consigned them. (f) The
 “ Editor overlooks those aspersions which the
 “ Nobles have applied to him, because he be-
 “ lieves they are not accustomed to talk other-
 “ wise. Scandal is the property of mean and
 “ illiberal minds, and the Circulating Library
 “ is its palace. (g) But he cannot suppress his
 “ incli-

(f) This sentence is very extraordinary. Guid-
 ed by honour, he *condemned* those books which *also*
 he would *windicate*, had he not overwhelmed them
 in oblivion. What a singular honour is this man
 guided by! How powerful is his sentence on books!

(g) We should be glad to know what aspersions
 we have applied, that do not belong to him. Had
 we applied any that he could obviate, there is no
 reason to believe but he would have been ready
 enough to point them out. We agree with him,
 that scandal is the property of mean and illiberal
 minds, and most willingly leave it with the public
 to decide to whom that property belongs, whether
 to us, or to the *profound and impartial Editor of the*
 LONDON MAGAZINE. In what manner the Cir-
 culating

“ inclination to inform them, that an Act of
 “ Parliament is soon to be passed, by which
 “ Circulating Libraries are to be suppressed,
 “ and by which the owners of them are to be
 “ declared, like the players, “ rogues and va-
 “ gabonds,” the debauchers of morals, and the
 “ pest of society. (b) Till this useful Act
 “ shall

culating Library is the palace of scandal, this *honourable* Gentleman has not condescended to inform us; and as we cannot possibly comprehend him, we can make no reply.

(b) If this is not raving, we know not what raving is. Rogues and vagabonds! debauchers of morals! pest of society! Heaven defend us! What a catalogue of hard names is here! Vagabonds too! How cruel this, to rob us of our houses, and not allow us even a hovel to hide our heads in! Prithee, friend, how is this same Act to make it appear that we are wanderers, have no visible way of living, or settled habitation? See what it is not to consult your Dictionary! Or, perhaps, you thought that, because we keep a Circulating Library, *we* must necessa-

“ shall be passed into a law, the Editor of the
 “ London Magazine will acquire great pleasure
 “ by praising the good, and by censuring the
 “ bad Novels of F. and J. Noble.”

necessarily *circulate too*, and, like our books, perpetually wander about from place to place.—Behold what pains we are at to investigate your meaning! And yet, after all, perhaps, we have not hit upon it neither. Alas! the poor man's brain may be turned, and then have we been at all this trouble for nothing.—Aye, it is assuredly so, or he would never have suffered such absurdities to have dropped from his pen.—Away then with all farther remarks: “ We war not with the mad!” All resentment is at an end: every sentiment of anger is changed into the gentler passion, pity: commiseration takes place of all other considerations, and we sincerely wish him a speedy return of his senses.

Jan. 5. 1773.

F. NOBLE.
 J. NOBLE.



Speedily will be published,

- I. The Disinterested Marriage; or, The History of Mr. Frankland and Lucy Menel, 2 vol. 6s.
- II. The Self-deceived; or, The History of Lord Byron, 2 vol. 6s.

A SECOND
A P P E A L
TO THE
P U B L I C,

From F. and J. NOBLE.

A

CONTINUATION

OF THE

APPEAL to the PUBLIC,

(By F. and J. NOBLE, Booksellers)

From the aspersions cast on them by the editor
of the LONDON MAGAZINE.

IN the former part of this Appeal we gave a transcript of a printed paragraph, written by the editor of the London Magazine, in which he tells us “ he is a *man of honour*, and will give us the most convincing proofs of it whenever we will enquire for them.” On this declaration, made in so public a manner, we called upon him to produce his proofs that the books he had stigmatized, as calculated “ *to debauch all young women who are still undebauched,*” were

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such

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such as he had declared them to be. In the next Month's Magazine, published Feb. 1, 1773, he subjoined an Advertisement, which we shall give in its proper place, in which we expected to find, slender as our opinion was of the *honour* of the man, that he would at least have made some feeble attempt to preserve the *little* portion of it he is possessed of, after having promised, in so solemn a manner, that he would vindicate it: but, to our great disappointment, and to his eternal disgrace, not a word, as the Reader will see, has he made use of that tends to any such thing. No, nothing but his old, senseless abuse, and vain flourishes about his own imaginary importance. How the man can answer this behaviour to the Public, or even to his own heart is not easily to be imagined; but this we are clear in, that, however his *heart* may acquit him, the *Public* will not be so compliant, but will look upon him in the light he deserves; as a man totally destitute of every *principle* of *honour*, and one who knows nothing of it but its *name*.

Pre-

THE CONTINUATION OF THE
APPEAL TO THE PUBLIC. 5

Previous to the publication of the first part of this Appeal, we sent the following lines to Mr. Baldwin.

Jan. 18. 1773.

MESSIEURS F. and J. Noble present their compliments to Mr. Baldwin, and shall be much obliged to him if he will inform them of the name of his Editor of the London Magazine, that they may know to whom they are to make their acknowledgements for so singular and unmerited a favour as that he conferred on them the first of this month. * They hope Mr. Baldwin will not refuse them this request, as, otherwise, thro' misinformation or conjecture, they may be led to make those acknowledgements improperly; an error they wish to avoid.

Three days after Mr. Baldwin sent us the following Card:

WHATEVER *kind* of acknowledgements Messrs. Noble may wish to

* See Appeal, part 1. page 9.

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make the Editor of the London Magazine, if they are transmitted sealed up, under cover to the publisher, they shall be carefully sent to the Editor by

R. BALDWIN.

Jan. 21st, 1773.

With this answer, if that may be called one which entirely evaded our question, his servant brought an order for a set of books of our printing, * which it was judged necessary to refuse him; sending him back with a small packet (sealed up) in which was one of the printed Appeals, part 1. and a Note to his Master in these words :

Jan. 21, 1773.

MR. Baldwin will not be surprised nor disappointed, when he is informed that F. and J. Noble are come to a resolution to let him have no more of their books. A tender-

* The Muse in a Moral Humour.

APPEAL TO THE PUBLIC.

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ness for the reputation of Mr. Baldwin will not suffer them even to wish he would vend any of them; and they are sorry to find that he has so little regard for it himself, as to think of being an instrument in propagating such indecency and immorality as his *worthy Editor* has so publicly declared that they deal in, and which he durst not have done without the concurrence and protection of his employer.

And now, gentle Reader, we shall lay before you the Advertisement already mentioned, verbatim as we found it (for it would be a pity to rob it of any of its beauties) that you may be enabled to determine whether the appellation of *mad*, which in *charity* we bestowed upon him in our first Appeal, is altogether so proper as we then thought it; or whether the more significant names of *Fool* and *Knave* might not be used with more propriety.

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ADVER.

3 A CONTINUATION OF THE
ADVERTISEMENT.

“THE *Editor* of the *London Magazine*
“ has read the Appeal of *J. and F.*
“ *Noble* to the Public; and, like all men of
“ sense, laughs at it. The folly of it is not
“ to be described, and yet the dullness of it is
“ still deeper: In both, it exactly resembles
“ one of their own Novels. But where is the
“ wonder? Ignorance and Folly (like *J. and F.*
“ *Noble*) are relations, appear always together,
“ and live in a Circulating Library. The
“ *Editor* now blushes for the insignificancy of
“ his antagonists, and wise men and good
“ citizens have blamed him for condescending
“ to tilt with them: He has an excellent
“ character, and must beware of what com-
“ pany he is seen in. He therefore informs
“ the *Nobles*, that he holds them in very high
“ contempt; that, in general, their Novels
“ are the worst of all Novels, which he will in
“ no instance conceal from the public; that he
“ wishes they would publish one good Novel,
“ that

“ that he might shew his impartiality; that,
 “ further, he will say nothing to men who have
 “ nothing to say for themselves; and that he
 “ desires to be troubled no more with the little
 “ complaints of the little *Nobles*. The *Editor*
 “ expects, in his literary walk, to meet some-
 “ times with wasps, which he will always flap
 “ *en passant*, and then set them about their bu-
 “ siness—as he now does the *Nobles*.”

Dreadful! And so he has sent us about our
 business with a flap! This was not civil tho’;
 was it neighbours? But perhaps we have *stung*
 him. Who then can blame the man? An
 ass will kick when he is stung, then where is
 the wonder if Mr. Baldwin’s critic should resent
 the indignity, who imagines himself the better
 animal? But as it was only a *flap*, we shall face
 about, fearlessly return to the charge, and again
 attack this impotent *wasp-flapper*. He says,
 “ he has read our *Appeal*, and like all men of
 “ *sense*” (he among the number) “ laughs at
 “ it.”—Does he? If this is a truth, which
 we doubt, it is certainly on the *wrong* side of

his mouth. Tho' should it be as he says, it does not redound to his credit, for a man ought to weep at his being put in mind of his sins.—“*It is not be described, and yet the dullness of it is still deeper.*”—Well, but if it is not to be *described*, it might have been *printed*, and the dullness, if any, would then have appeared, and, consequently, been more convincing to his Readers, than his barely telling them they must take his word for it. But catch him at this if you can; he knows better than to let them into any part of the secret.—“*In both it exactly resembles one of their own novels.*”—How does he know that, when it is well known that he never reads any of them? —“*Ignorance and folly, &c. live in a Circulating Library.*”—Not constantly, sure; they sometimes, in company of impudence and falsehood, reside in a critic's cell near Fetter Lane. —“*The Editor blushes for the insignificancy of his antagonists.*”—Really! did he really *blush*? If he did, it surely was the first time he ever blushed in his life.—“*Wise men*” (of Gotham we suppose) “*and good*

APPEAL TO THE PUBLIC. 11

“*good citizens have blamed him for condescending to tilt with them.*”—Good citizens? Can they combine with a man who has recorded himself for a *liar* and a *slanderer*? Certainly not. Good men will shun him, and detest his proceedings. But the epithet *good* is an equivocal term in the city, and means no more, when applied to *some* men, than that they punctually pay their bills when they become due. In this sense we are to understand him, and then his assertion may be right; for there is no doubt but that many *such* good men may be found, who will go any lengths with him while they find it their *interest* or *conveniency* to do so.—“*He has an excellent character,*” (Wonderful! Can you conceive, Reader, how he came by it? But observe, he only tells you so *himself*; and let it be remembered that he said he was a *man of honour* too) “*and must beware what company he keeps.*”—Does he mean by this to insinuate that he has ever kept *us* company? We detest the idea, and would not be seen in *his* on any account, unless we wished to be shunned by all honest men ever after.—“*He therefore informs*

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"the Nobles that he holds them in very high contempt."

—We are extremely glad of it, and congratulate ourselves upon it; as the *esteem* of *such* a man is sure to carry *disgrace* with it. He will see by this that we are even with him, that the contempt is, at least, reciprocal, and that *he* cannot hold *us* in higher contempt than *we* do *him*.—

"That in general their Novels are the worst of all

Novels" (This, we are well informed, is actionable at law; but sue a beggar, &c.)

"which he will in no instance conceal from the

"Public."—This will be lost labour if he does not conceal it; for can the Public rely upon that man's pretence to veracity who has forfeited every right to be believed?—*"He wishes we would*

"publish one good Novel that he might shew his

"impartiality."—And what if we did; how

should we be benefited by *him*? He has not *discernment* enough to discover *beauties*, and if he had he would not have *honesty* enough to acknowledge them.—

"That further, he will say nothing to men

"who have nothing to say for themselves."—No!

rather confess we have said too much. There lies the grievance. He is afraid to lose the *lit-*

tle

the confidence he held with the Public, and then he will become useless to his employer, unless he retains him to sweep his shop.—

“*And that he desires to be troubled no more with the little complaints of the little Nobles.*”—We

sincerely believe him: he has no reason to wish to be farther troubled with our complaints, as he has got nothing but *disgrace* by our laying them before the world. But he may thank himself. He is so hampered in the toils of his own making, that the *small* portion of rational strength he had is so exhausted, that he knows not how to extricate himself. However desirous he may be of hearing no more from us, we will take the liberty to inform him, that we do not find ourselves inclined, at present, to oblige him; and that, whenever his insolence deserves it, whether he likes it or not, we shall do our utmost to chastise him; determining to stick by him as close as his *sins*, and to treat him with as little ceremony as his *old friend and ally* will do when he gets him in his clutches.

Having

Having thus apprised him of our intentions, we will now acknowledge we were not in the least disappointed that so despicable a piece of writing should come from the *furious Editor* of the *London Magazine*. It is what we expected : but we were exceedingly surprised that the *Publisher* of it should have so little regard to his own credit, or that of his Magazine, as to suffer such a farrago of ribaldry and falshood to find a place in it. A performance so destitute of reason, decency, and argument ; so abounding with impudence, scurrility, and frothy conceitedness, never, sure, made its way into the world but from the gloomy mansions of Moorfields, from whence we expected to find this to be dated. We now know the writer : we know his insignificancy, and no longer wonder at such insolence and folly. What a pity it is that some people are taught to read and write !

“ A little learning is a dangerous thing,”

says

says Pope ; and how fully evinced is this truth in the instance before us !

Despairing to work any good on a character so incorrigible, so lost to all sense of honour, truth, and decency, we shall leave this pigmy critic, at present, to the quiet possession of his fancied greatness, and apply ourselves to Mr. Baldwin (without whose connivance, at least, the abuse could not have been *continued*) who, indeed, ought, *alone*, to have been the object of our notice, from the beginning : but, we own, the regard we bore to his acknowledged merit, his reputable situation in trade, and general good character, restrained us from saying any thing that might directly place *him* in a light with the public which he would wish not to appear in. But we are now forced, by repeated aggravations, to the disagreeable necessity of informing him, that, throughout this iniquitous affair, he has been justly looked upon, by all dispassionate people, as extremely blameable ; and that much of the disgrace resulting from the conduct
of

of his despicable critic has fallen upon himself. We are sorry he has thrown us into so painful a situation as to compel us to say this, having been always inclined rather to cultivate a good understanding with a man, in every other instance, so respectable, than differ with him, if possible, on any occasion. Mr. Baldwin will not place this condescension to any *meanness* in us, but as an offering of a truth we think due to his character; since we assure him, at the same time, that we are determined to abide by the resolution we have taken to let him have no more books of our printing, till the assertions complained of are *proved*, or the *lie retracted* in as public a manner as it was propagated.

As in our conduct, throughout this affair, we have been influenced by no other motives than a sincere and well-meant desire to approve ourselves worthy of a continuance of that esteem and encouragement we have hitherto experienced, and to endeavour to rescue our characters from the vile attacks of a *literary assassin*, who
makes

makes a *trade* of scandal, and of *stabbing* the reputations of men in the *dark*, and who, thro' envy, malice, and other detestable purposes working in his heart, tries every means, however abominable, to bring others down to his own base level, we believe no farther apology will be thought necessary; and in that belief we draw this Appeal to a conclusion, leaving the merits of it with the Public to be tried at their impartial bar.

F. NOBLE.

J. NOBLE.

To the foregoing Appeal it may not be judged amiss to add the following letter which appeared in some of the publick papers.

SIR,

DRIPPING into the London Coffee House, a few days ago, there laid before me on the table a small pamphlet, called, "An Appeal to the Public, from the aspersions of the anonymous editor of the *London Magazine*," which,

which, to my extreme concern, gave such convincing proofs of the insanity of a *worthy man* whom I have long known and esteemed for his many *great and good qualities*, as well as for his *extensive learning*, that I could not help lamenting the loss the public will sustain in being deprived of so useful a member. The person I mean is, or rather *was*, the *respectable* and *learned* Mr. Noordhogg (I adhere to the true *Dutch* orthography) whose merit, as an author and a man, was, before this fatal disaster, so equally poised that the nicest observer could not say which of them preponderated. His extreme modesty was such that he never put his name to any performance but once, and that, it is said, he did not write, but with wonderful labour worked it up from old materials. It is owing to this excess of modesty that his name is so little known; a fault which I shall endeavour to rectify, by informing the Public that this luminary (now sunk, it is much to be feared, in everlasting darkness) conducted, to the great emolument of his employer, the arduous
and

and various employments of revisor, supervisor, editor, critic, and putter-together of that fund of erudition the *London Magazine*. He was, before his late misfortune, incontestably a person of the most extensive abilities both natural and acquired. He knew all languages, understood all arts, all sciences. Nothing came amiss to him. He judged, praised, censured, or bespattered, with a truly critical, discerning, and impartial spirit, every work that came in his way, and all by a kind of intuitive knowledge, unknown to any of his cotemporary brothers of the quill; for he could do this without ever reading a line in any of them, or knowing any thing of their authors. So great a facility had he in writing, that, with the help of a journeyman or two, he could produce you a History and Description of London and Westminster; a Dictionary of Arts and Sciences; a Bible, with Notes explanatory, critical, geographical, scientific, orthodoxical, heterodoxical and metaphysical, &c. &c. &c. in more volumes in folio than they took him weeks in compiling.

compiling. But the work which did him the greatest honour, and which will be as perpetual a monument of his great and amazing abilities, as of that universal philanthropy which influenced him in all his pursuits, is his *complete vermin killer*. Here, whether we consider him as a citizen, a naturalist, a botanist, a mechanic, or a philosopher, he shines forth with redoubled splendor. His observations are so judicious, his descriptions of the various classes of vermin, his traps for catching, and recipes for destroying every distinct species of them, are truly wonderful, and every way worthy of so uncommon a genius. But, as if it was intended that nothing on earth should be perfect, there is one thing wanting to make this elaborate work what he calls it, a *complete history of vermin*, since he has forgot to describe a species that come under that denomination, which have of late years made its appearance, called, by the literati, the *minor critic*; a name supposed to be given it from the great delight it takes in creeping into, and defiling books. I would, therefore,

therefore, recommend it to the proprietor of the copy to get one of his present *best* hands to supply this deficiency in his next edition, which may easily be done (provided he understands *Dutch*) by consulting the dissertations of Mynheer Harmen Van Sooterkin, where he will find a very accurate description of this animal.

“ It is,” says he, “ of the reptile kind, and,
 “ tho’ of a very formidable appearance, is the
 “ most harmless creature breathing; but rendered
 “ so only by its being destitute of every power
 “ to do hurt (which it seems much inclined
 “ to) it having neither teeth, sting, horns or
 “ claws; but nature to make it some amends
 “ for this want, hath furnished it with a head
 “ almost impenetrable. It delights in dark
 “ holes, and never makes it appearance in the
 “ light for fear of danger, Its food, if that
 “ may be called so which affords no nourish-
 “ ment, and is voided undigested, is printed
 “ books, over which it runs precipitately, and
 “ seems to devour with great eagerness, leav-
 “ ing at the same time its excrements behind,
 “ but

“but which easily blow off with the slightest
 “breath, and without any stain to be seen.”

This is the substance of what Mynheer Har-
 men Van Sooterkin says of this ridiculous ani-
 mal; but as he has not pointed out any meth-
 od whereby it is to be destroyed, it were ear-
 nestly to be wished that the laudable society
 for the encouragement of useful arts would offer
 a handsome reward to any one who should make
 so valuable a discovery.

A. Z.



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